

DELL
Exciting
Adventure

Still 10¢

THE DEPUTY

NO. 1199
SEPT. NOV.



HENRY FONDA

ALLEN CASE

Illustrated by FRED BROWN



THE DEPUTY



THE GOLD KILLERS



When Clay's store turns into a murder scene, the folks of Silver City utter angry threats as they see Marshal Herb Lamson turn loose a killer!



Following the killer's trail, Clay soon finds himself beside Marshal Simon Fry, as they shoot it out with a nest of deadly gunfighters!

DEATH AND TAXES



After Simon Fry sees what happened to the last tax collector in gun-ruled San Simeon County, he knows he needs a good man to take over that job!

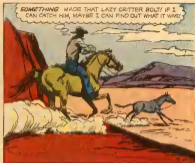


And Clay McCord is the man he chooses! Clay figures he has a plan to make tax collecting easy, but he soon finds that all he is collecting is lead!

THE DEPUTY

THE GOLD KILLERS

"IN ALL MY DAYS AS CHIEF MARSHAL OF THE ARIZONA TERRITORY IN THE 1890'S, ONLY ONE DID I SEE A MILE ALMOST OUTFRIN MY HORSE..."



"A QUARTER OF A MILE BACK, I FOUND THE GRIM ANSWER..."



THE DEPUTY No. 1130, 64th Ave., 1960. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 350 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Walter Koenig, President; Paul E. Lutz, Executive Vice-President; William F. Culbert, Jr., Vice-President; Harold Glanz, Vice President; and Beverly Adams P. DeLoach, Treasurer. All rights reserved throughout the world. Registered with the Copyright Clearance Center, Inc., 222 Rosewood Drive, Danvers, MA 01923. Printed in U.S.A. No copies and provided by Western Printing & Lithographic Co. Copyright © 1960, by The Dell Company. This periodical shall be sold only through authorized dealers. Sale of unprinted copies or copies without covers, and distribution of this periodical for premiums, advertising, or otherwise, are strictly forbidden.

HE'S THE FOURTH PROSPECTOR WHO WAS ROBBED OF HIS DUST THIS MONTH! BUT HE WAS THE FIRST TO GET SHOT! THE ROBBERS ARE GETTING TRESSER HARRY AND IF I DON'T FIND THEM FAST, I MAY SOON BE DESIGNING A SECOND GRAVE!



WHILE I WAS TRYING TO PICK UP A LEAD ON THE ROBBERS, CLAY MCCORD WAS BUSY AT HIS GENERAL STORE BACK IN SILVER CITY.

... AND HALF A POUND OF BUTTER? RUNNING A SALE ON IT THIS WEEK!



HE FOUND ME!



COME ANY CLOSER, YORK, AND SO HELP ME, I'LL USE MY GUN!

JUST WHAT I HOPE YOU'LL DO, DRAKE!



BOTH OF YOU KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF YOUR GUNS!













THAT SHOULD BE MY JOB, CLAY, BUT YORK PROBABLY SUSPECTS THAT'S JUST WHAT I MIGHT TRY. DON'T! BUT YOU--

NO, CLAY! DON'T LET HIM TALK YOU INTO BEING A DEPUTY AGAIN!



SHUCKS, CLAY, I DON'T LIKE DOING THIS, BUT IT ALL STARTED IN YOUR STORE AND YOU ARE THE BEST MAN I KNOW TO FOLLOW YORK!

I'M AFRAID HE'S RIGHT FRAN, AS USUAL!

"RELUCTANTLY, CLAY STRAPPED ON HIS GUN AND STUCK ON HIS BADGE" HE SADDLED HIS HORSE AND TOOK UP A WATCH ON YORK'S ROOM AS THE HOURS TICKED SLOWLY BY...



WHY DOES HIS LIGHT STILL HAVE TO BE ON WHEN EVERY-ONE ELSE HAS SHUT DOWN?



AT LAST! NOW TO SEE IF HE'S BEDDING DOWN--OR PULLING OUT!



HE'S LEAVING--AND I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND HIM!



"THEY RIDE ON, BUT PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK, WITH A KILLER HAS A DEADLY GAME..."







IN CASE YOUR EYES ARE GETTING WEAK FROM CHECKING ACCOUNTS, CLAY, THAT'S A WINDMILLER POKING OUT THE WINDOW!

THANKS, SMON!
NOW TELL ME IF I'M
RIGHT ABOUT SEEING
TWO HORSES!



THERE ARE TWO HORSES! I
FOUND A MURDERED PROSPECTOR
AND PICKED UP A TRAIL THAT
LED ME HERE! A SHORT WHILE
AGO, ANOTHER MAN RODE IN!
THEN YOU CAME UP!

THE MAN WHO RODE
IN WAS YORK!
HE WAS
ACCUSED OF MURDERING A
PROSPECTOR!



QUICKLY, CLAY FILLED HIM IN ON WHAT HAD
HAPPENED IN HIS STORE...

THE PIECES BEGAN TO FIT!
DRANE WAS IN THE GAMB WHEN
THEY ROBBED PROSPECTORS, BUT
HE MUST HAVE SHIED AWAY
FROM KILLING! HE BOLTED...

...AND YORK
FOLLOWED
HIM!



THAT MEANS THE MAN IN THE
CABIN COULD HAVE BROUGHT THE
STOLEN GOLD DUST HERE!

SOUNDS
FINE, SMON,
BUT YOU
STILL HAVE
TO PROVE IT!



HELLO, IN THE HOUSE!
THIS IS MARSHAL FRY!
COME OUT!











"THE EVIDENCE WAS THERE, BUT IT TOOK US THE BETTER PART OF AN HOUR TO FIND IT..."



"SILVER CITY SEEMED REAL PLEASED WHEN WE ROBS 'N."



THE DEPUTY

DEATH and TAXES

"WHEN MY HORSE RAN THE GROUND AND SHIVERED I KNEW IT WAS A BURE-FIRE SIGN OF TROUBLE! BUT I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING...TILL SLOWLY ACROSS THE ARIZONA PLAINS A HORSE WALKED, BEARING A GIRM BURDEN..."



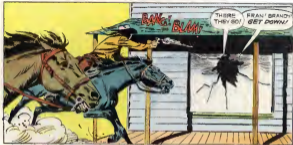
"I WAS MAD! FIGHTING MAD! ONLY A WEEK AGO, I HAD SEEN THAT TAX COLLECTOR RIDING FOR THE TOWN OF SAN SIMON TO DO HIS DUTY! NOW HE WAS DEAD..."





THAT NIGHT, IT SEEMED THAT CLAY HAD DEFUSED ME INTO THE GENERAL STORE BUSINESS...





CLAY, HOW'D YOU LIKE A THOUSAND DOLLARS TO FIX THAT WINDOW?

A THOUSAND DOLLARS? THAT'D TAKE CARE OF A LOT OF WINDOWS, SIMON! WHERE WOULD I GET THAT KIND OF MONEY?



FROM ME! IT'S THE COLLECTOR'S FEE FOR TAKING THIS TAX LIST INTO SAN SIMON AND BRINGING BACK THEIR TAX MONEY!

SIMON RY, THAT NOTE JUST SAID KEEP OUT OF SAN SIMON!



IT'S A HEAP OF CHANGE FOR A FEW DAYS' WORK, EVEN IF IT'S IN CURLY FRANK'S BACKYARD, CLAY!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, CLAY!



I'LL TAKE THAT LIST!

CLAY, YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAST TAX COLLECTOR! HOW WILL BRANDY AND I RUN THE STORE IF YOU GET YOURSELF KILLED FOR SIMON RY?



I'M NOT GETTING NOSEB! EVEN IF YOU SHOT, FRANK! I'VE AN IDEA TO COLLECT ALL THAT MONEY, THAT NEST OF THIEVES WILL KILL YOU TO COLLECT IT FROM YOU, CLAY!



"I COULDN'T HELP WORRYING AND WONDERING JUST WHAT CLAY'S IDEA WAS, AS HE PINNED ON HIS DEPUTY'S BADGE—a SURE TARGET FOR EVERYGUN IN SAN SIMON..."



TWO DAYS LATER, CLAY RECORD RODE INTO SAN SIMON, HIS BADGE SHINING IN THE BRIGHT SUN! HE COULD SEE FROM THE SURPRISED LOOKS ON PEOPLE'S FACES THAT A LAWMAN WAS A RARE SIGHT - THE FOLKS WANTED TO KEEF IT THAT WAY...





"AFTER THAT, CLAY STRODE IN AND THE MEN DIDN'T DROUD HIM..."



I FIGURE WITH YOU
BADING ME UP, WHO'D
DARE OBJECT TO PAYING
ME TAXES?

BU- BUT I NEVER
PAID ANY TAXES IN
MY WHOLE LIFE!



WORKING FOR ME WILL CANCEL OUT YOUR TAX
DEBT, CURLY! JUST THINK OF THE JOY I'LL
BE SEEING THE LOOKS ON FOLKS' FACES
WHEN YOU TELL THEM TO
PAY ME THEIR TAXES!



NEVER THOUGHT I'D
GRAB THE HAND OF A
DEPUTY, BUT YOU GOT
YOURSELF A LITTLE
HELPER!

FINE, CURLY!
MEET YOU
OUTSIDE BY
MY HORSE!



EASY, FELLOW!
OUR HORSES
ARE OVER!



CURLY, HAVE YOU GONE LOCO?
DO I HEAR YOU TELL THAT
DEPUTY FROM SILVER CITY YOU'D
HELP HIM COLLECT TAXES?

THAT'S RIGHT,
BOYS! WE'LL
EVEN BE
CALLING ON
YOU SOON!



IT DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE!

SURE IT DOES! BUT LET'S
KEEP THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE
FIVE OF US! AFTER I
FINISH HELPING HIM COLLECT ALL
THAT TAX MONEY, WE ROB HIM!



"SOON, A STRANGE PAIR BEGAN MAKING HOUSE CALLS--A DEPUTY AND AN OUTLAW..."

MR. RAND, YOUR TAXES COME TO NINETY-TWO DOLLARS AND EIGHTY CENTS!

I'VE NEVER PAID A CENT BEFORE AND DON'T INTEND TO START NOW!



DON'T YOU WANT TO HELP THE GREAT ARIZONA TERRITORY GROW AND PROSPER?

CONCURRY FRANK!



SURE HE WANTS TO HELP CURLY THAT PATRIOTIC SPEECH OF YOURS TOUCHED HIM!



"AMAZEMENT TURNED TO COMPLIANCE EVERY STOP--OR ALMOST EVERY STOP..."

WHO DID YOU SAY YOU WERE?

THE TAX COLLECTOR!



THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID! I JUST DIDN'T WANT TO SHOOT AN INNOCENT MAN BY MISTAKE!





SINCE CURLY TOOK TO HELPING COLLECT TAXES, HE'S ONLY MADE ENEMIES! ONCE WE KILL HIM, PEOPLE WILL RALLY TO ME! BESIDES, I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THAT DEPUTY! AND DON'T FORGET ALL THAT TAX MONEY WE'LL SPLIT!



NIGHT, CURLY!

PLEASANT DREAMS!



IF WE COULD ONLY SEE THEM!

I HAVE A WAY TO FIX IT SO THEY CAN'T SEE ME!



DON'T LOOK TOWARD THE FIRE, CURLY!



THE BLAZE SHOULD BLIND THEM IN A MOMENT!





I CAN'T SEE THEM ANY MORE!

KEEP FIRING!

DID YOU SPOT THEIR SADDLERS?

YES, CLAY! NOW I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO AIM AT!



OWW!!



HE-HELD!!

STREAK IT FOR THE HORSES AND LET'S GET RIDING!



THEY TURNED TAIL, CLAY! YOUR FAST THINKING SAVED OUR SCALPS!

BUT, CLAY! WE WEREN'T MERELY TRYING TO SAVE OUR HIGES! WE WERE OUT TO SAFEGUARD THE TERRITORY'S TAXES!



WHOEVER THEY WERE, THEY WON'T SHOW AGAIN! WE HAVE NO PROBLEMS FROM HERE ON OUT!

MAYBE YOU DON'T-- BUT I'M PRETTY SURE ONCE I FINISH COLLECTING THE TAXES, YOU WILL TRY TO COLLECT THE COLLECTION!

"THE NEXT DAY, THEY MADE THEIR FINAL STOP."

"IF YOU SAY THAT'S WHAT I OWE, CURLY, HERE'S THE TAX MONEY! I'M NOT ARGUING WITH YOU!"

"DON'T TALK AS IF THE MONEY ENDED UP IN MY POCKET! THIS SEAT IS FROM THE TERRITORIAL TAX OFFICE!"



"CURLY, THAT CROSSED OFF THE LAST NAME ON MY LIST!"



"NOW TO SETTLE PAYING YOU FOR YOUR HELP!"

"KEEP IT, CLAY! I GOT MY EYE WATCHING THE BAD LOOKS ON FOLKS' FACES AS THEY PAID UP!"



"I'M GLAD WE BOTH ENJOYED IT! TIME IS GOODBYE, CURLY! I DON'T RECKON WE'LL CROSS TRAILS SOON AGAIN!"

"WHY, YOU NEVER KNOW!"



"NOW TO HEAD FOR OPEN COUNTRY - SO CURLY CAN'T BREAK UP ON ME TOO EARLY!"



"THE BATTING'S OVER, BOYS! THERE'S OVER TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS IN HIS SADDLEBAG! A COUPLE OF SHOTS--AND IT'S OURS!"





HE'S BY HIS HORSE IN THAT DITCH, CURLY!

CLAY SURRENDER! YOU CAN'T BEAT THE ODDS! NOT FIVE-TO-ONE!

BANG!

BLAM!



CU-CURLY--



NOW THE ODDS ARE ONLY FOUR-TO-ONE, CURLY! STILL LIKE THEM ENOUGH TO WANT TO PLAY?

BANG!



HE-HE CAUGHT ME IN THE OPEN!

GUN HIM!

BANG!



OWWWW

GET LOW!

BANG! BANG!



WHILE THEY'RE BUSY WITH THE BOYS, I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



WHILE CLAY TOOK CARE OF WHAT WAS LEFT OF CURLY'S CAMP, I CHASSED AFTER THE TOP MAN...



GIVE UP, CURLY, BEFORE YOU FALL OUT OF YOUR SADDLE!



MUCH AS I TRIED TO CONVINCE HIM, CURLY FRANK DOUBTEDLY TRIED TO RIDE ON! (SUDDENLY...)



CURLY!





YOU DIDN'T DO IT, SIMON!

THAT WON'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE TO CURLY NOW!



THE OTHERS ARE TIED AND WAITING! SURE YOU WERE LUCKY YOU HADN'T HAPPENED BY!

HAPPENED BY! I'VE FOLLOWED YOU! SINCE YOU LEFT SILVER CITY TO SEE WHAT YOUR TAX COLLECTING SCHEME WAS! WHEN I SAW YOU TIE UP WITH CURLY, I KNEW HE'D TRY TO ROB YOU—SO I KEPT FOLLOWING YOU!

"LATER IN SILVER CITY, AFTER CHECKING THE LIST, I COUNTED OUT CLAY'S WELL-EARNED FEE, A THOUSAND DOLLARS!"



WHEEZE!

CLAY PUT ME DOWN!



THAT PAYS THE WINDOW REPAIR BILL AND LEAVES OVER NINE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO—

MY SHOE!



WISH I WERE RICH LIKE YOU, CLAY, SO I COULD GO AROUND SMASHING WINDOWS FOR LAUGHS!

CRASH!

A FLEDGE  TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

THE DEPUTY

ARIZONA TREASURE

JEROME, ARIZONA



THE TREASURES OF JEROME, ARIZONA WERE KNOWN EARLY IN AMERICA'S HISTORY. AS EARLY AS 500 A.D. THE TADDOST INDIANS, SEARCHING FOR BRIGHT COLORS TO DECORATE THEIR POTTERY AND PAINT THEIR BODIES, USED THE VIVID BLUE, GREEN AND BROWN COLORS OF MINGUS MOUNTAIN OF PRESENT DAY JEROME.

SPANISH CONQUISTADORS PROSPECTING AROUND JEROME IN THEIR SEARCH FOR GOLD AND SILVER, FOUND PRIMITIVE TOOLS AND JUMPED LOG LADDERS IN THE INDIAN MINE SHAFTS.



PROSPECTORS STAKED CLAIMS IN JEROME FROM 1877 TO 1882, BUT THEIR DREAMS STRUCK NO PAYDIRT. JEROME'S GREAT WEALTH DIDN'T CONSIST OF GOLD OR SILVER.



IN 1883, WITH THE RAILROAD NEARBY, THE UNITED VERDE COPPER COMPANY WAS BORN, AND HOUSES BEGAN TO PERCH PRECARIOUSLY ON THE STEEP SLOPES OF MINGUS MOUNTAIN.



EIGHTY-FIVE MILES OF RAILROAD TRACK RUN THROUGH THE MINE AND EIGHTY MILLION DOLLARS IN COPPER ONE HAS COME FROM ONE OF ARIZONA'S GREATEST TREASURE SITES.



THE DEPUTY

Arizona Landmarks

ONE OF ARIZONA'S MOST FAMOUS SITES IS THE PETRIFIED FOREST, THE LARGEST, MOST COLORFUL AREA OF PETRIFIED WOOD IN THE WORLD. ONE HUNDRED EIGHTY MILLION YEARS AGO, HUGE PINE FORESTS WERE BURIED. MINERALS WERE FORCED INTO THE WOOD, FORMING BRILLIANTLY-COLORED AGATE, JASPER AND CHALCEDONY. POLISHED, THEY MAKE BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY.



NEAR THE PETRIFIED FOREST IS THE COLORED CLAY WHICH MAKES UP ARIZONA'S PAINTED DESERT. WIND AND WATER HAVE CARVED THE CLAY LIKE AN ARTIST.



THE WEATHER WITH ITS WINDS, RAINS AND FLYING SANDS HAS WORKED TO CREATE THE STRANGE SHAPES OF THE ROCK TOWERS AT CHICAHUA NATIONAL MONUMENT.



MONTEZUMA CASTLE NATIONAL MONUMENT SHOWS HOW PREDATORIAL INDIANS LIVED IN CENTRAL ARIZONA. THE CLIFF DWELLINGS NEAR MONTEZUMA WERE BUILT INTO THE ROCKS.



THROUGHOUT ARIZONA ARE GHOST TOWNS LIKE WEAVER, WHERE OLD TIMERS SAY RICH ORE STILL EXISTS. MINE TRAILS AND RUINED HOUSES ARE SIGNS OF THE TOWN'S RICH PAST.

